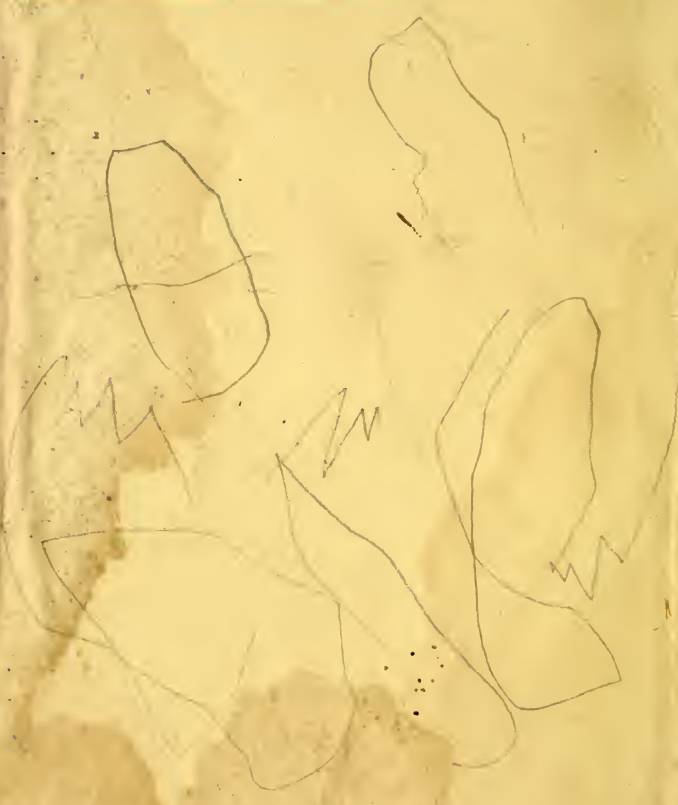


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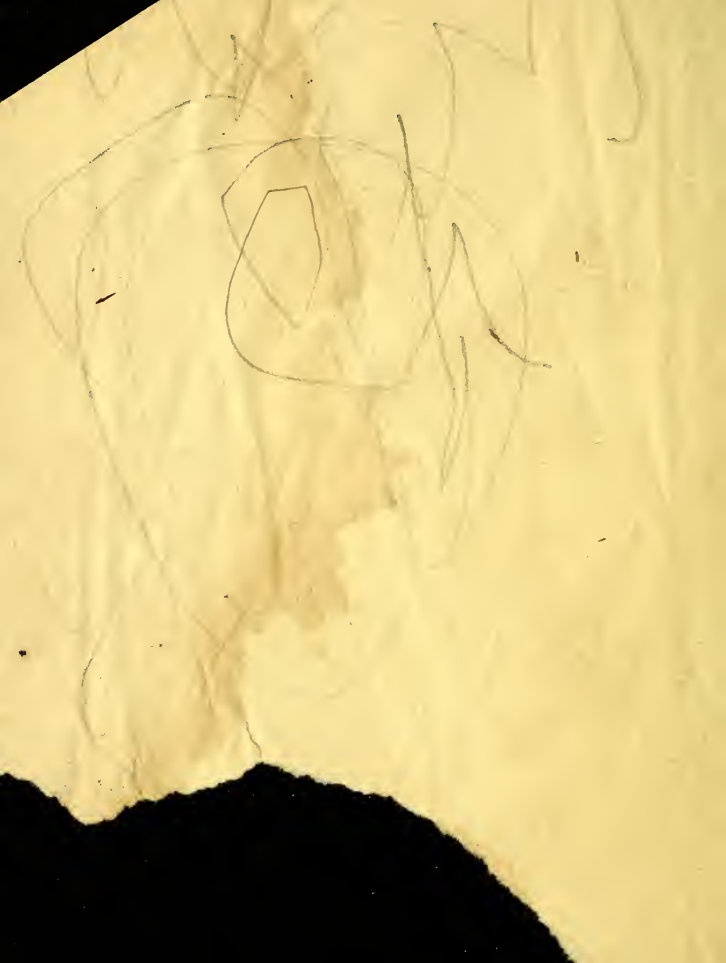


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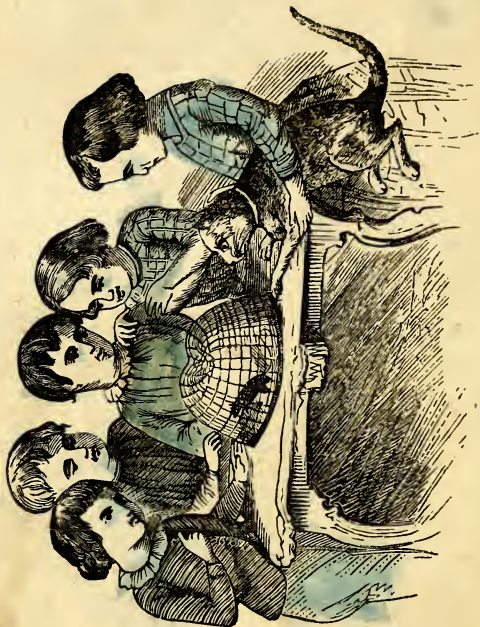
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Alice Garrison
Christmas
1870.



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THE RAT A PRISONER.

*— Alice Austin Magazine
from Father*
OUR JENNY. *Jan 1st / 67*

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.



ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES MILLER,
522 BROADWAY.

ENTERED, According to Act of Congress, in the year 1854,
BY CHARLES H. DAVIS,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.

OUR JENNY.

Do you know our Jenny? Oh! you should know her,—she is such a nice girl! She lives in the country near us, and she is my own cousin. I love her so much that I want all my friends to know her and love her too. So I will tell you something about her. You will find that she is both pretty and good; and what proves that she is good, is that she is a great favorite at home, in her father's own house, where they know most about her.

JENNY'S PICTURE.

HERE is our Jenny's picture. Is it not pretty. Uncle George had it painted when he came home from California, and he gave it to Jenny's mother. It was Uncle George's fancy to have it painted just as she looked one morning when she put on her gipsy hat, and took her little basket in her hand, to go out into the garden and gather some strawberries for Uncle George to have with his breakfast, with nice, fresh cream and sugar. Is it not a pretty picture? Is not my cousin



JENNY'S PICTURE.

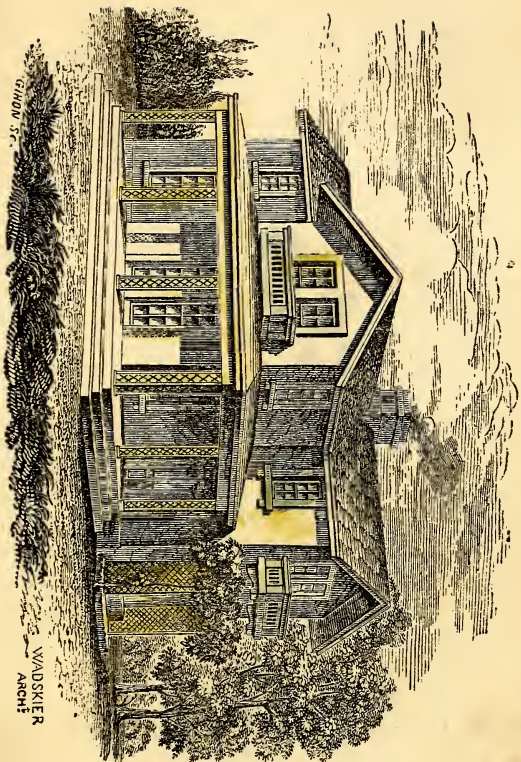


Jenny pretty? We all think her a very good and excellent girl as well as a pretty one ; and Uncle George, I do believe, loves her just as much as if she were his own daughter.



JENNY'S HOME.

HERE is a picture of Uncle Arthur's house. That is Jenny's home. It is a very nice house. It has a great many rooms in it and a nice shaded stoup, and plenty of trees round it with their pleasant shade. Back of the house is the garden full of flowers and all sorts of vegetables, and many other things that I am going to tell you about by and by. All round the house lies the farm, so large, with its fields, and hills, and vales; and the thick woods and the brawling brook.—It is a



JENNY'S HOME.



grand farm. Jenny's father employs a great many men on the farm. They plough, and harrow, and sow wheat, and plant Indian corn, and take care of the horses and cattle, and oxen, and gather the apples. One little boy drops the corn in the hills, and hoes the weeds out, and drives the cows home from the pasture.



JENNY'S BROTHER, WILLIE.

JENNY has a little brother, Willie. Here is his picture. Is not he a nice little fellow. He is only five years old; and he hardly knows his letters yet. This is because his mother does not wish him to learn to read at all till he is a good, strong, hearty, big boy; and then she says she can teach him herself in a few days. But Willie is very fond of picture books; and he has learned the names of hundreds of animals, and birds, and insects, and can tell you in a moment the name of any



JENNY'S BROTHER, WILLIE.



animal or bird that he sees. He is very fond of exercise and trundles his hoop pretty well. Above all he is good tempered and amiable, and every body loves him.



JENNY'S SISTER, SALLY.

JENNY's sister Sally is seven years old. She knows how to read and how to dance too. See, here is her picture. She is in a dancing position. She loves dancing very much; for she is a merry little girl. And she is as tender-hearted as she is merry. Once when Willie was sick she sat by his bedside and read little story books to him all day long; and she begged her mother to let her wait upon Willie all by herself. But that could not be, you know, because Willie's mother could not



JENNY'S SISTER SALLY.



bear to let any one but herself wait upon her poor, dear little sick boy. However, he was not sick many days, and when he got well, we were all so glad, and my brother Harry played “peep oh!” with him by the hour. But that was a long time ago, when Willie was very little.



JENNY'S RABBITS.

FARMER Jones kept a great many tame rabbits which he raised for the purpose of selling. Uncle George bought some out of the inclosure of Farmer Jones, where they ran wild as you see them in the picture. And who do you think was the person for whom Uncle George bought these pretty rabbits.

You say "Willie," of course.

Guess again.

"Sally," say you.

Not at all. They were for Jenny, who,



JENNY'S RABBITS.



I do think, is Uncle George's pet. But it makes no difference. It is all the same as if Uncle George had given them to the little ones. Jenny has put them in a cage, where she often takes Sally to see them. And little Willie gives them cabbage leaves to eat very often.



JENNY'S MOTHER.

JENNY'S mother is very fond of her and pays a great deal of attention to her education. She says that she is desirous that Jenny should learn to be useful. She has taught her a great many useful ways of employing her time. Jenny can sew beautifully. She can embroider, work lace, do rug work, and crochet, and a great many other kinds of work. Jenny studies her school lessons very hard, and is at the head of her class. She knows how to write a beautiful hand and can



JENNY'S MOTHER.



draw very well. She draws flowers and landscapes and colors them very nicely. Jenny has a little garden of her own; and her mother encourages her to cultivate it herself. She rises very early in the morning and often spends the whole time till her breakfast is ready in weeding her garden and watering the flowers.



SHEEP SHEARING.

IN the early part of the summer there is a grand sheep shearing at the farm of Jenny's father. A great number of sheep are raised on the farm. Some of these cost my uncle a great deal of money. He imported sheep some years ago from Saxony and Spain; and paid a great deal of money for them; and now his flocks produce the finest wool that is to be had in the whole country. Before the sheep are sheared, you know, they have to be taken to the brook and washed. This is



SHEEP SHEARING.



a very funny scene ; and all the children go to see the sheep caught and dragged to the brook and washed by those strong sturdy farm workmen.

Then comes the shearing ; and this is a pleasant sight for the children who ask a hundred questions of the men ; and learn how wool is made into broad cloth, and merino, and mouseline de laine.



THE HOP GARDEN.

ON the farm is a large hop garden, where a great many hops are raised. It is a very beautiful sight when the hops are growing, and the children often go there in the summer time to enjoy themselves rambling about and playing in the shade of the hop vines. When the hops are ready to be gathered, all the workmen turn out together to pick them and put them in baskets to be taken to the great barn ; and this is such light, pretty work, that the dairy maid and the workmen's



PICKING HOPS.



wives and daughters help the men; and so the work is done very quickly. Even the children, Jenny and the rest, often beg to be permitted to take a part in the grand frolic at hop-picking time.



THE ORCHARD.

THE orchard at my uncle's farm was a very fine one. It contained an immense number of apple trees; and it was laid out so tastefully as to be admired by all the visitors at the farm. In the spring it was very delightful to walk in the orchard, when the trees were in full blossom; and the birds were building their nests in the branches and singing their sweetest songs. But the most delightful of all entertainments for the children was that of gathering the fruit when it was



THE CHILDREN IN THE ORCHARD.



ripe. Then they perfectly revelled in delight. To shake the branches and send down showers of rosy cheeked apples, and golden colored pears, and see them rolling in rich profusion over the grass, was indeed a beautiful sight; and one well calculated to inspire a sense of thankfulness to the bountiful Giver of all good.



THE LITTLE GARDEN.

WILLIE and Sally had a little garden of their own, as well as Jenny; and it was a very pretty sight to see these beautiful children working away industriously on their plots of ground, digging and raking, sowing and planting in the spring, watering the thirsty flowers in the heat of summer, and gathering bouquets of roses to give to their mother and other friends. Very proud were the little folks of their success in gardening. And well they might be; for it proved a good de-



WILLIE AND SALLY IN THE GARDEN. 43



gree of steadiness and attention in such very young gardeners to have any success at all. It is true they were often obliged to consult the gardener; and often made little mistakes; but they succeeded because their heart was in the work and there was no such word as *fail*.



JENNY'S DOE AND FAWN.

JENNY had a beautiful doe and fawn sent her by a friend in Virginia; and her father had a little paddock fenced in from a pasture near the house for these elegant animals to feed and sport in. They were quite tame and would come at Jenny's call and eat the sweet fresh grass from her hands, and suffer her to deck them with garlands of flowers. Willie and Sally were very fond of them and delighted to chase them round the paddock and play with them. In the winter time they

THE DOE AND FAWN.



MARIA

were kept in a little apartment made on purpose for them in the great barn ; and there they were often visited and fed by the children. Their delight when let out in the spring was expressed by bounding off and running several times round the paddock at full speed, as you see them in the picture.



JENNY'S GARDEN.

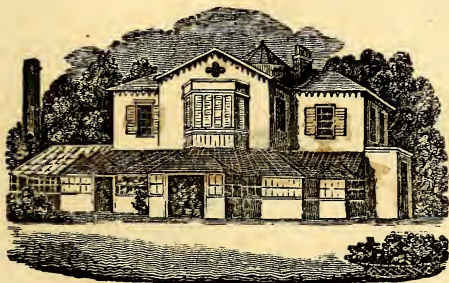
JENNY'S garden was larger than that of Willie and Sally. It covered a large piece of ground and she had a good deal of help from the gardener in taking care of it. In the middle of the ground was a little pond, which was ornamented with rockwork and had a small but very pretty fountain throwing jets of water from the midst of a fine wild looking pile of rocks in the middle of the pond on the top of a hill a considerable distance from the house. From the same source a



THE FOUNTAIN.



larger fountain in the lawn in front of the house was also fed. Jenny had also her department in the large green house, where she raised a great number of exotic plants, which in winter were often brought into the parlor or conservatory.



JENNY'S AUNT DEBORAH.

HAVE you an Aunt Deborah? I am afraid not. Few people are so lucky. Our Aunt Deborah, Jenny's and mine, whom we call Aunt Debby, "for shortness," is the kindest, best aunty in the world. She is Jenny's mother's sister and lives always at my uncle's farm. She loves all the children just the same as if they were her own. She plays with them, helps them with their lessons, tells them the prettiest stories that ever were heard, shows the girls how to do all kinds of ornamental



AUNT DEBORAH.



work, tends them when they are sick, gives them ever so many presents at Christmas, and helps to adorn the Christmas trees. Aunt Debby is as fond of flowers as Jenny herself; and helps her attend to the garden and green house. I think she is the most wonderful aunty that ever was.



JENNY'S FLOWERS.

IN the green house, Jenny, as we have already observed, cultivated a number of fine exotic plants. One of these was a large and very beautiful pansy, which she had received as a present from a friend. She took the greatest possible care of it; and frequently kept it for a long time in her own chamber. But beautiful as this pansy was, it did not please Jenny's fine taste so well as the little common Johnny-jump-up, or heart's ease, of which she had a great abundance in her garden. Indeed,



A PANSY.



I think, myself, that the common heart's ease is really one of the prettiest flowers in the world ; but we forget to admire it because it is so common.



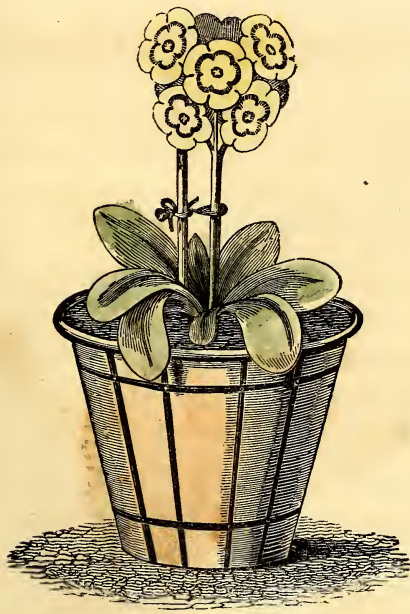
JENNY'S FLOWERS.

AMONG Jenny's flowers were some very curious ones. The sensitive plant was remarkable, because it was so sensitive that if you touched the leaf it drew itself away from the touch as if it had been a live animal and not a plant. Then there was another kind of sensitive plant which they call Venus's Fly-trap, because having the same sensitive quality as the other, it would contract its leaf when a fly lighted on it and so imprison the fly. In the picture of Venus's Fly-trap, here, you see



VENUS'S FLY TRAP.

a fly caught by one of the leaves. Below is one of Jenny's Auriculas, which is a very pretty flower.



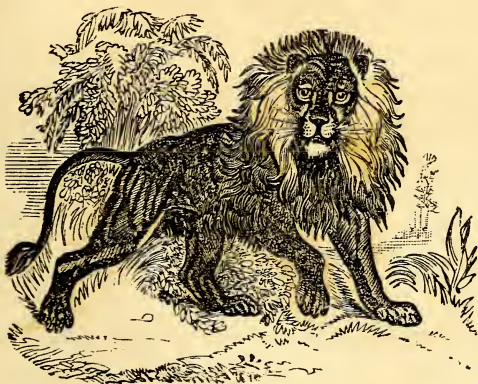
WILLIE'S PICTURE BOOKS.

WILLIE as I have already told you, although he was a little fellow and did not know how to read, was very fond of pictures and picture books. This taste his mother encouraged, and bought him all the pretty picture books she could find, and then explained to him the meaning of the pictures. He was especially fond of those which contained pictures of animals and birds, and as he was a child of very quick perceptions and good memory he soon learned to distinguish the animals



WILLIE'S PICTURE BOOK.

from each other and he remembered very well all that his mother had told him of the habits of the animals and could tell very readily where they were to be found and what means were used for capturing them. He had a little friend Robert Short who used to come and spend the day with him looking at his pictures.



SALLY'S VISITORS.

SALLY had her visitors as well as Willie. Two little girls about her own age were her especial favorites. She also had her little library of books; and when the little girls had rambled over the garden and gathered flowers and made bouquets and wreaths, and had a spell of swinging in the large swing suspended to the elm tree they used to go up into Sally's little chamber and have a nice time looking over her handsome books. It is a great thing for children to have kind and indul-



SALLY'S VISITORS.



gent parents who furnish them with good and useful books, which serve to expand their minds and teach them how to perform the duties of life. Children should be deeply thankful to a kind Providence for the blessing of good and judicious parents and the means of a moral and religious education.



THE SQUIRREL HUNTERS.

ONE day two boys came to the farm to sell some wild rabbits which they had caught in the woods. Little Willie saw them talking with the cook in the kitchen and was greatly delighted to have an opportunity of examining real rabbits like he had seen pictured in the books. He asked the boys how they had been caught; and was told that it had been by means of a snare set in the bushes which caught and strangled the rabbits; and when the boys had obtained a number in this way

THE SQUIRREL HUNTERS.



they sold them in the village to people to make rabbit pie of. They told Willie that they sometimes caught squirrels alive in a box-trap; and finally undertook to catch one for him.



WILLIE'S SQUIRREL.

THE very next day, sure enough, the boys came again to the farm, bringing a fine black squirrel, which Jenny bought of them for a few pennies, and presented to Willie. He was put in a box for the night; and the next morning a fine rolling cage was obtained at the neighboring village, and master squirrel began his gambols in it to Willie's great delight. A very busy little man was Master Willie now. Such a fuss as he made about his squirrel, set all the folks a laughing.

WILLIE'S SQUIRREL.





Water must be had for him to drink in a little tin pan; and Indian corn for him to eat; and then Willie was in such a taking lest he should not have enough to eat and drink; and lest his bed of hay should not be comfortable. When all these household cares of the squirrel were attended to he would sit by the hour watching his gambols in the rolling cage.



THE GRAND AFFAIR OF THE RAT.

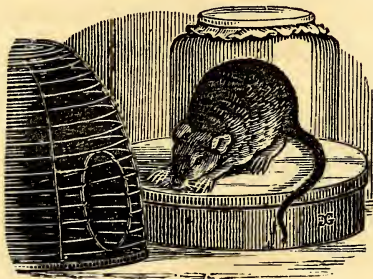
ALL the world knew that there were rats in the barn; and sometimes the hired men had a great deal of trouble in catching and killing them; but a rat in the house was a thing unheard of in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. But one morning the cook came into the breakfast room and communicated the appalling intelligence that she had seen an actual live rat in the cellar. Then such a shout of horror and amazement arose. "A rat!" "In the cellar!" "The

THAT INSOLENT RAT.



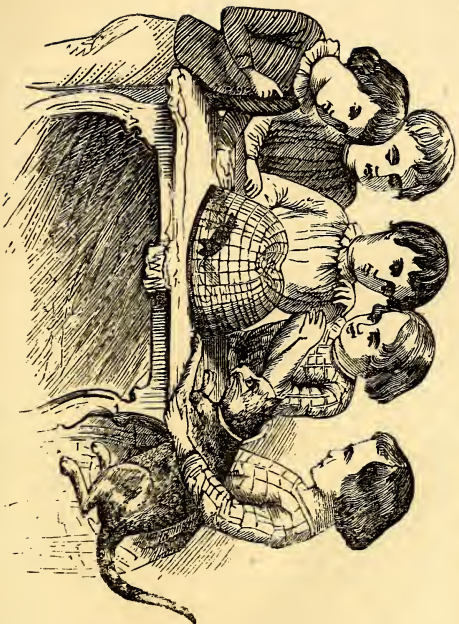


villain!" "The insolent rascal!" "He must be caught!" "He must be hung!" "He must be drowned!" "The like was never heard of before!" My aunt was grieved. The children were highly indignant. My uncle was calm and determined. So a wire cage was brought and baited with toasted cheese and set in the cellar.



THE CATASTROPHE.

THE next afternoon Willie had a little party. Four urchins of about his own age came to assist in celebrating his birth day. They had a famous time, playing all sorts of games in the breakfast room all the forenoon. When they were in the height of their glee, they heard a bustle in the kitchen below; and on Willie's going down to see what was the matter, there stood the cook with the wire cage in her hand, held up at arm's length, and the insolent villain of a rat raging and



THE RAT A PRISONER.

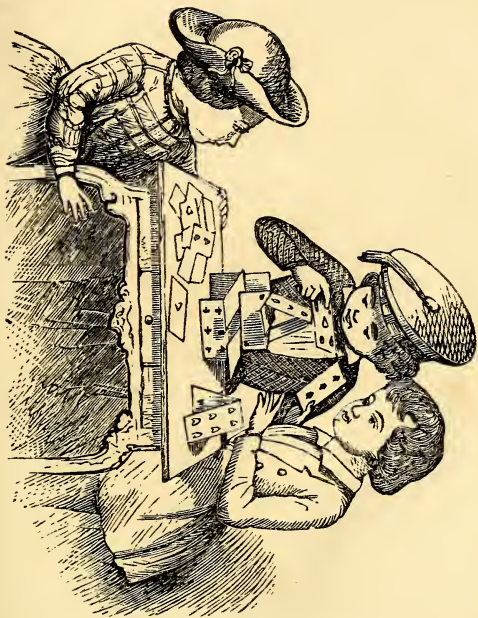


darting about in his wire prison, biting the bars and vainly trying to get out.

Forthwith he was taken up into the breakfast room and the trap set on the table for the little boys to have a good look at him. One of them caught the cat and held her up to the table to enjoy the sight. It was proposed to let him loose in the room and see pussy catch him. But fortunately Jenny came in and quietly ordered the cook to take him into the yard and drown him by putting the trap in a tub of water; and so ended the tragedy of that "insolent rat."

THE CARD HOUSES.

AFTER the grand catastrophe of the rat the little boys went to work building card houses. They were very industrious architects; and built a great many famous edifices, square and round and triangular and octangular and high and low. But the houses tumbled down as fast as they were built. Jenny came in while the work was going on and invited them into the dining room where they joined the family at dinner, which they enjoyed very much, as every body was anxious to afford



CARD HOUSES.



them pleasure and make Willie's birth day pass off agreeably. After dinner the little boys had a fine time looking at picture books. Then Jenny told them a great many pretty stories and Sallie and Willie brought out their whole store of toys. Then came tea in the breakfast room, with plenty of nice cake; and in half an hour after, all the little boys were on their way home having enjoyed themselves very much in celebrating Willie's birth day.



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL BOYS.

IN the village was a Sunday School, where children were taught the first principles of religious duty by the young gentleman and ladies who belonged to the church. Among these, was our friend Jenny, who was extremely attentive to her duties at the Sunday school and not only taught the little boys of her class their catechism and their scripture lessons but volunteered to teach them singing. The little fellows were delighted with this exercise ; and one day when Jenny was



THE CHILDREN SINGING.



walking out in the fields she came suddenly upon the little boys of her class practising their singing lesson with all their might in the open air. The little boys were rather bashful; and as soon as they caught sight of Jenny, they all jumped up and ran away, before she could speak to them.



WILLIE'S VISIT.

WILLIE was permitted to pay a visit to Charlie Carson, one of the little boys who took a part in the grand celebration of his birth day. At the farm, the little boys had amused themselves mostly in the house, looking at picture books and playing all sorts of in-door games. Here it was different. The play was mostly out of doors in the open air. In the first place they took a grand ride on stick horses on the lawn in front of the house. Then they played at leap frog and tag,

THE GRAND RIDE.





and a dozen other games. Thus the day passed very pleasantly ; but the boys all declared that it was not quite so agreeable as looking over Willie's picture books at the farm.



JENNY'S READING.

JENNY read a great many books and took delight in this as a recreation. But there was one book which she read for her own moral and religious improvement. This was the Bible. Before she retired to her bed at night, when all alone in her chamber, she invariably read a certain portion of the Holy Scriptures, with prayer to her Heavenly Father, to give her the daily bread of religious and charitable feeling and to keep her from temptations to sin. The same exercise she was enabled



JENNY READING THE BIBLE.

by early rising to go through in the morning before leaving her chamber. This course of reading and her earnest desire to put in practise in her daily life the precepts of the Holy Word, was the secret of her truthfulness, benevolence, and uniform sweetness of temper. No other reading is so certain to form a good character as that of the Holy Scriptures.



THE WINDY WALK.

ONE day Jenny and Willie took a walk in the fields for the purpose of visiting a certain pond in which there were kept two live swans. It was an excessively windy day and little Willie had a great deal of trouble in keeping his cap upon his head; but they were greatly amused at the pranks which the wind was playing. The waving of the branches of the trees, the scattering of apples and peaches on the ground; the occasional showers of dry leaves which fell upon their heads



THE WINDY WALK.

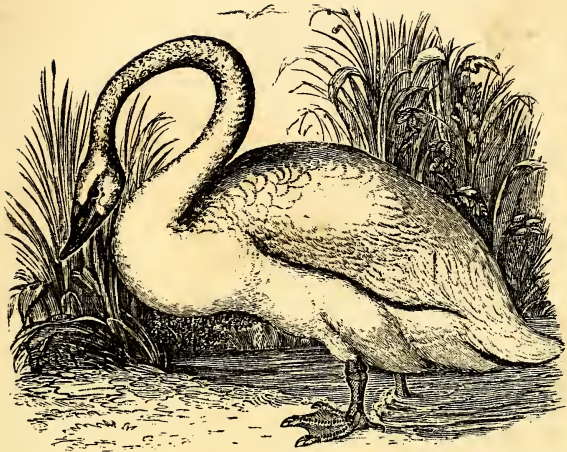


and whirled along before them in the pathway, all afforded great amusement to Willie who had never been abroad in a windy autumn day before. With all this commotion, however, there was nothing to interfere with their comfort as the day was clear and mild, without any signs of rain.



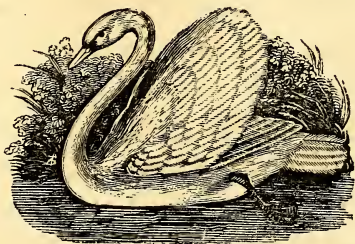
THE SWAN.

At last the walkers came to the pond, which was greatly agitated by the wind, and showed its surface all ruffled into waves, which formed a tolerable imitation of a stormy sea, rolling its little breakers on the shore and tossing about the chips and leaves on its surface, as the ocean does ships and boats. As for the swans, they were no where to be seen. They were very fond of swimming about on the smooth surface of the water when it was calm, and showing their elegant forms,



THE SWAN.

and beautiful arched necks to the visitors who came to see them. But a gale of wind was what they had not bargained for; and so they had left the water and walked off. On turning to go home, however, they encountered one of the swans walking on the shore. But he did not appear to advantage; as his gait and motions were not very unlike those of a goose.



THE BIRD'S NEST.

WHEN Jenny and Willie had got nearly home from their walk and were already in the orchard, they met Sally, who had just picked up a poor robin's nest which the wind had dislodged from one of the trees and thrown upon the ground. It was empty ; and now an inquiry arose as to what had become of the young robins. Jenny thought they must all have got fledged and flown away. But Sallie and Willie determined to have a hunt for them ; and, at last, sure enough three little



THE BIRD'S NEST.

birds were found scattered about under the tree, and put into the nest again. They were not much hurt by their fall; and when they were all restored to the nest, and Willie had held the nest in his lap and had a good long look at them; one of the hired men was called who quickly climbed the tree and put the nest in its place again, to the great delight of the parent birds.



THE HERD BOY.

I HAVE sat on the mountains and tended
my herds ;

I have watched with attention the dear
little birds ;

There they sang to each other, and hopped
on the spray,

And builded their nests till the close of
the day.

In the garden I stood, and observed that
the bees

Made their cells in our hives, and abandoned
the trees ;

THE HERD BOY.





They hummed, and they buzzed, and flew
many a mile—

Does the tune they are humming their
labor beguile?

Can they hear?—or are insects quite deaf
all the while?

I have strolled in the meadows when gar-
nished by spring,

I have seen painted butterflies float on
the wing:

They flitted, they fluttered, they hasted
away;—

They have wasted no time—done their
work in the day—

And that is more than some people can
say!

THE BROTHER'S GRAVE.

SEE the hillock near the church,
Garnished by a sister's hand,
This you'll find with little search,
For the garlands on it stand.

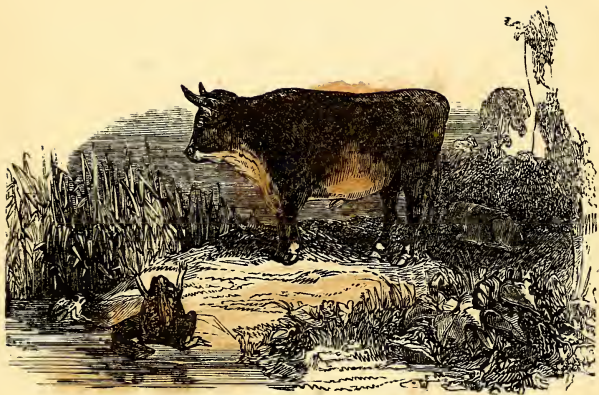
There sank her brother in the tomb,
His body there in dust must lie ;
But angels bore his spirit home,
To gain a mansion in the sky.

And Christ is still the same, to save
The child who seeks and trusts his grace ;
He'll raise his body from the grave,
And infant lips shall sing His praise.



THE BROTHER'S GRAVE.





THE FROG AND THE MOUSE.



THE FROG AND THE MOUSE.

“FROG,” said the Mouse, “are you unwell,
You look a bloated figure?”

“No,” said the Frog, “the truth to tell,
I’d fain be somewhat bigger.

“There stands an ox, he’s larger still,
And roars with staring eyes;
I’d roar as loud, say what you will,
Were I but blown his size.”

“Peace!” said the Mouse, “you reptile
thin;

Do you think that wind would do it?
You’d be no larger than your skin,
Were Eolus to blow it.”

The Frog he swelled, till skin gave way ;
He burst himself at last !
The Mouse he scampered off, they say,
No doubt he scampered fast.



